

supply, indeed so abundant that in the  
spring it is a  
swamp, and the spring sowing is delayed  
till May. It  
has several large villages, slightly raised and  
well planted,  
a few of them with the large fortified houses  
of resident  
proprietary overtopping the smaller  
dwellings. Evidences  
of material prosperity meet the eye  
everywhere, a pros-  
perity which needs to be guarded, however,  
for every  
shepherd, cowherd, ploughman, and buffalo-  
driver goes  
about his work armed.

Large herds of mares with mule foals, of  
big fat cattle,  
and of buffaloes, with plenty of mud to  
wallow in, stacks  
of real hay and of fine reeds, buffalo carts  
moving slowly  
near all the villages carrying the hay into  
security, grass  
uncut and unscorched, eighteen inches high, a  
deep, black,  
stoneless soil, impassable at certain  
seasons, towering  
cones of animal fuel, for export as well as  
use, an in-  
tensely blue sky above, a cool breeze, and  
the rare sight  
of cloud-shadows drifting over waving grass  
and flecking  
the cobalt sides of the Zibar mountains,  
combined to form  
a picture I would not willingly have missed,  
impatient  
as I was for the first view of the Sea of  
Tjnni.

Beyond there are low stony hills, which  
would be  
absolutely bare now but for the *Eryngiwn*  
*cceruleum* and  
the showy spikes of a great yellow mullein, a  
salt lake,  
most of which is now a salt incrustation,  
mimicking ice  
from beneath which the water has been  
withdrawn, but  
with an odour which no ice ever has, then  
a gradual  
ascent to a windy ridge, and then—the

Dead Sea of  
Urmi or Urumiya.

Dead indeed it looked from that point of view, and dead were its surroundings. It lay, a sheet of blue, bluer even than the heavens above it, stretching northwards beyond the limits of vision, and bounded on the east, but very far away, by low blue ranges, seen faintly through a blue veil. On the west side there are